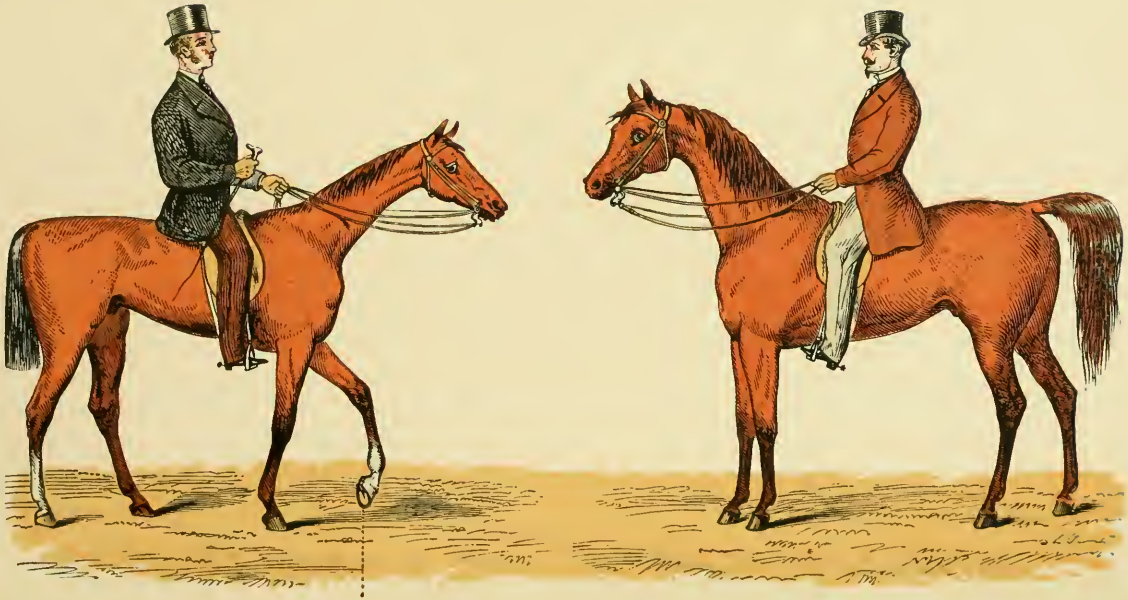

What do you think of my new purchase?
He is *thorough*-bred.

I think he is *thoroughly* suited to *you*.

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He is *thorough*-bred.

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THREE LETTERS

ON

THE HORSE,

MASTER, AND DONKEY.

By BLUNT SPURS.

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The following letter not having been accepted by the Editor to whom it was forwarded, the same is now published, as also a second, and now a third. It has been conjectured that writings of this description might tend to the detriment of the Turf, but the real intention of the Author is to prevent the Turf tending farther to the detriment of Horses, and also to save the Innocents, who still roam about, from being cajoled into purchasing any deformed or irrecoverably damaged animals, whether offered by the Turf Kings, Turf Churchmen, or Turf Copers ; and it is hoped the production may yet prove of benefit both to the Horse and the Rider.

LETTER I.

ALL SAINTS. ATTEND

ERRATA.

In page 36, line 21, *for* "horseman," *read* "horsemen."

,, 44, ,, 24, *for* "connoiseurs," *read* "connoisseurs."

,, 52, ,, 26, *for* "gentlemen," *read* "gentleman."

,, 64, ,, 3, *for* "bend," *read* "bent."

could not help believing there must be a most extraordinary number of arrant rogues in it. I prefer believing, and taking it for granted, that all persons who have anything to do with the breeding or buying and selling of horses are the most honest and upright of any class in the United Kingdom. After all perhaps that does not say much for any body in this most religiously commercial state, where every one

LETTER I.

ALL SAINTS, ATTEND.

An upright, intelligent, humane, and pious man. A fabulous creature supposed to go blind at the sight of gold or promissory paper.

England is a country said to possess the best riders in the world; I believe it. England is a country said to possess the best judges of horses in the world; that is men who know most of their proper form and figure; I do not believe it; for if I did, I could not help believing there must be a most extraordinary number of arrant rogues in it. I prefer believing, and taking it for granted, that all persons who have anything to do with the breeding or buying and selling of horses are the most honest and upright of any class in the United Kingdom. After all perhaps that does not say much for any body in this most religiously commercial state, where every one

faithfully believes it to be his duty to make money at the expense of his neighbour, still it is something to belong to a class that are a shade more honest than any other class, but if their honesty is allowed, they must stand self-convicted of ignorance of the proper form of the horse. On the horns of this dilemma, namely, that they are either honestly ignorant or knavishly wise, I intend to fix all who may dispute the principles here propounded.

The Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medicis are supposed to be the most perfect models of the proper forms and figures of men and women, and according as every male and female approach the nearest to each of these respective forms the better they are allowed to be made. Where am I to search for the proper model of a handsome horse? Perhaps I shall not be far wrong in recommending the statue George the Third is mounted on in Cockspur Street as one of the best for a useful blood horse, and applicable to all the combinations of Charger, Hunter, Park Hack, or Racer. This statue has been objected to by some persons as conveying the idea that the horse is a small horse, but the Venus de Medicis might be objected to for the same reason. To find a large thoroughbred horse of upwards of sixteen hands in height of a perfect and Arabian-like form is as difficult

no doubt as to find a large man upwards of six feet in height of a perfect and Adam-like form. When found of course such horses would be more valuable, but from the very great difficulty in finding them it will be as well to take a statue supposed to represent a smaller size. "Beauty consists in proportion." Well; there exists a book that I wrote a quarter of a century ago called "The Griffin's Aide-de-Camp," in which the proper form and shape of a horse are given, and the description, not the woodcuts, will be found to correspond with this statue. If any reader will be kind enough to point out any error in the form there described the author will be happy to send him half a sovereign for the information, or will bet him half a sovereign he is mistaken, so anxious is he to have a correct form acknowledged which all can refer to. In that description, a great part of the language of which was copied from some of the most celebrated professional writers, it is stated "The forelegs should stand *straight*, moderately broad at the chest, gradually approaching each other to the fetlock, and be free from all lumps or bumps, or bony excrescences whatever; and as to windgalls, that they are a most annoying eye-sore." With regard to the feet, a good sound foot with open heels and wide frog is one of the first things that ought to be looked to. Well; go to Tattersall's every week for the year

round: go to every gentleman who has a horse for sale, and to every dealer: go to every palace from the King of Diamonds down to the Knave of Spades; and at the end of the twelve months how many, which have reached the age of five years, will you have found, having good carriage both before and behind, and with straight unblemished forelegs and wide frogs? Not five per cent certainly. Why is this, because they have been overworked? Yes, they have been worked too much for their legs no doubt; but the fact is, their legs will stand very little work before their ancles become somewhat gummy and adorned with little soufflets like marrowfat peas, *simply because the sire or dam had these unsightly defects;* and it is very little use stopping two-year-old, or three-year-old, or four-year-old, or five-year-old races, so long as horses are run till their legs are crooked, or windgalled, and their feet contracted, and are then, *and not till then*, used as stallions or brood mares. Ugly heads, drooping quarters, buck knees and crooked legs, splents, curbs, windgalls, &c. will descend as surely in the horse, as ugly physiognomies, bottle noses, bowed legs, splay feet, coarse skins, &c. will in the human being: in short in fish, flesh, and fowl, all the world over, Like will beget Like, always in a greater or less degree; therefore so long as stallions

or brood mares are used with faulty build, or defective legs and feet, so long will these evils be more or less perpetuated, and will generally intrude themselves on public notice before maturity is attained.

One would have thought that by this time any man with a good eye and with good taste could tell at once whether a horse had blood enough without his running, which test does not invariably prove the speed either now a days; and even if it did prove both, yet, if there is any faultiness in the build to offend a good eye, there is ugly blood whether thorough-bred or not; and such horses should not be used to produce either Chargers, Park horses, or respectable riding Hacks; for when three and four-year-olds are found to have the faultiness of build of the parents, and some defects from hereditary overwork in addition, they ought not reasonably to bring a respectable price because they are not fit for a respectable person to ride; but when, on the contrary, a horse has the points laid down in Pages 8 and 9 of "The Griffin's Aide-de-Camp," and resembles the George the Third Statue, then he has the proper style of blood for every purpose, barring pulling waggons, and you may save yourself the trouble of going to Timbuctoo or elsewhere to search out the pedigree. In the frontispiece of that book there is an ugly horse of bad form drawn with

the motto, "The style of a man may be known by his horse." Many persons who have possessed horses of a somewhat unsightly appearance have murmured out that they could not comprehend the meaning of the phrase. Indeed! persons who have the bad taste to mount such deformities cannot be given credit for much comprehension, though I think in this case they comprehended it only too well, but could not bear the fact being brought so prominently to their view. Perhaps they will be equally unable to comprehend the drawings prefixed to these letters. Those who have good taste however will comprehend them at a glance, yet it has been stated again lately that three and four-year-olds, having been tried and found deficient in speed, with barrels resembling a tucked up camel, and gummy ancles overladen with marrowfats, and heels somewhat the shape of a jargonelle pear, will do all very well for ordinary riding. Who are the riders that these will do for? As a poor man I may be compelled to wear threadbare clothes occasionally darned, but I would prefer doing that rather than be seen to mount any cast off weeds with such irritating eye-sores as these, fit in appearance for nothing but cab-work, and a cruelty to put them to that. And all persons of every class who desire the improvement of the breed of horses, in

order to obtain handsome Chargers, Hacks, and Hunters, will help very materially to bring about so much wished-for a result by abstaining to purchase such refuse at any price, thus compelling your great breeders at last to rear only from handsome sires and dams possessing straight unblemished legs and good open feet; for while a horse without these defects may be very cheap at a hundred or two hundred pounds, yet with them he may be very dear at a hundred or two hundred pence.

But I am told that men exist who actually prefer crooked legs and have no objection to fiddle heads, nor to drooping quarters, with what they designate pendent tails, which are too often so hugged that they forcibly remind one of some culprit spaniel run after by his master with a broomstick. There is no accounting for tastes, but men who would praise horses of this description would praise tough meat and give the same to their friends. And men of these ideas will generally be found to have some very ugly points themselves, consequently to be no more adapted to ornament Rotten Row than their horses.

Thorough-breds are deteriorating so fast in handsome appearance in England that very many of the rising generation seem at a loss to comprehend what a handsome well made blood horse should look.

like. To those I would quote the Arab maxim "The head and tail should be so beautifully carried that the rider may be hidden between them." Most certainly, if I was asked to describe what constituted the most striking distinction between a thorough-bred Arab and a thorough-bred English horse I should answer, the Arab carries his head and tail up when in action, and has clean limbs with open heels. The English carries his head and tail down and has puffy fetlocks with contracted heels. Of course there are exceptions to both. You who are unprejudiced can award the palm according to your fancy; but if you give it to the latter, all I can say is, that I cannot pin my faith to your ideas of what constitutes beauty or handsome thorough-bred; not even though you should have purchased the last three golden three-year-olds with the puffed up coronets from the mahogany stables of the Marquis of Badsticks. The horse clothing, howbeit, that covered those unfortunate creatures, was really well worth bidding for, but that in consequence was not put up for sale.

If the racing of two, and three, and four-year-olds is beneficial for strengthening and improving the breed of horses; the same process might, perhaps, be beneficial for children for the same purpose at the corresponding ages of eight, twelve, and sixteen.

Commence at eight, of course for the benefit of the betting. Some few might last unimpaired until they reach the age of twenty years which is just equal to five of the horse. But do not stop here; continue to train them and their progeny on for the next century, for the development of their muscle, in the same manner that colts and fillies have been trained for the last century; that is, not only to the very utmost, but beyond what their limbs can stand, and what a beautiful aristocratic race might not be produced? They would justly merit the very appropriate appellations of "son of Baron Badbuild," or "daughter of the Duke of Deformity." Had horse racing been kept up solely for the improvement of the breed, and no horses allowed to run until they were five years old, and then only those of undisputed good build, with straight, strong, unblemished legs, and well formed tough feet and open heels, what might we not have had? What have we now? For one half of the two, three, and four-year-olds that run now-a-days, who cares twopence whether they win or lose, as far as their utility for improving the breed is concerned? Who would have them for Sires or Dams? Who indeed? And if they are only wanted for the betting, would not donkey running answer as well? The real horse has suffered enough in such judicious hands: give him

now a little rest, and lay the training on the real donkey for the next twenty years instead, even if he should be one of the human species. As it is, how do the legs and feet of the generality of even seven-eights or three-parts bred horses look? A most eminent dealer candidly stated to me that for a Charger with the legs and feet that I wanted I must either wait many months before he could suit me, or else I must go abroad and search. A few minutes conversation with this gentleman was not only agreeable but instructive. He had travelled much, and seemed in nowise bigoted to the particular horse of any country, and fully alive to the fact that when Frenchmen or foreigners came to England to purchase, they took good care to reject all your half stumped-up ones, whether they came in first or last. And this reminds me of the great dissatisfaction which seems to have existed in various quarters of the Hunters, Hacks, &c., that were selected for rewards at *some great show*. It was hinted that Horses, both English and Foreign, with indifferent eyes, indifferent pipes, indifferent legs and fetlocks, and worse than indifferent feet, had obtained both praises and prizes. To give praises would have been bad enough. Let us in charity say that nobody could have been guilty of giving prizes to

such; but at the same time let us append a hope that nobody will do it again.

About a year ago, talking about all defects being more or less heritable, with an acquaintance who had just visited a great breeding establishment, he informed me that on his venturing to remark on the plain heads, and the indifferent limbs and feet of almost all the horses, the owner coolly said "that though there might not be an Arabian formed head, nor a perfectly straight legged Sire or Dam, yet the produce were none the worse for that," and added "that he was the owner of hundreds of acres and had been rearing horses all his life." My acquaintance then asked me what I thought of that? Why! I simply thought that the owner of acres was not always the owner of sense, and that my acquaintance was the wise man and the other the wiseacre. Roman noses in men may be handsome and the said men though lame the whole year round (their understandings being located in their heads) might still be very useful: but Roman noses in horses are not handsome, and the said horses if they only limped for a quarter of that time (their understandings being located in their feet and legs) might be considered very useless.

There are other people who, with only an occasional horse or two they want to get rid of, invariably talk much in the same strain. First it is perhaps denied that the animal has windgalls, or that his feet are in any wise contracted, though immediately he is brought out, not only do peas appear to surround his ankles, but some large beans to be also deposited there; and the heels of the feet so squeezed in that a man with any feeling would be in danger of a stomach-ache from merely inspecting them. It is a fortunate circumstance that all those who are so stupid as to purchase horses with such crippled looking feet as these will have to suffer severely in pocket until they find somebody more stupid than themselves, and no pity on them. But the most common denials one now meets with, are where the animal stands only a little over, is very little buck-kneed, the leg at times slightly tremulous, not evincing much disposition to kneel, but still with the legs from the knee downwards out of the proper line. These are invariably first declared to be straight as an arrow; and, secondly, "Well, if they are not so, that is only surer proof of his being thorough-bred. All thorough-breds are like that." There is some truth in the last part of this answer certainly, but that will not make the legs straight nevertheless. I say then,

that all persons who talk trash in this style must relinquish their pretensions to the Judges' Bench, for they must be either downright novices, or else must be trying to deceive you—one or the other. And I say further, that if persons holding such crooked opinions as the above are hereafter put up as judges for the improvement of the breed of horses for the utility of man, then I shall be justified in putting in my claim as "Author of the one thing needful," to be a judge for the present age of the most correct practical theology for the utility of man also. Here it is :—

First,—Believe and you are dished.

Second,—Make money and outwit your neighbour, or hide your face from the sight of all sensible men.

Third,—The poetry below points out the pure and proper path to pursue for the accomplishment of all praiseworthy and profitable purposes ; and the systematic pursuit of it will tend greatly to facilitate the dealing, whether that may be horse dealing or any other dealing :—

Go to Church three times a day,
And do not fail to always pray,
Otherwise when you're in need,
It certain is you'll not succeed.

Only remember (for I shall presently proceed to prove

it) that those who pray with their eyelids pendent, like their horses tails, may sometimes be sold themselves.

Now, reader or no reader, if it is your religion or your custom to tell me a horse is sound when he is not; or to try to impose upon me by saying that ugly build, and various defects and blemishes are of no consequence, then it is mine to look out for an opportunity to turn the tables on you as I succeeded in doing on Mr. Weatherside a few years ago to my great comfort when he, at the instigation of a rich relative, endeavoured to get to windward of me with "two fine steppers," one a piper, the other with the stringhalt. I never allowed him to detect that I was aware of anything wrong; but I quietly resolved to punish if possible, this praise-giving performer, whose compassionate soul induced him to bestow such liberal panegyrics on God's most noble but speechless creatures for six days in the week, never unmindful of the halt or the maimed; the seventh he devoted to his prayers and post obits. It is with much diffidence that I relate the whole story, because civilization in England, at least round and about the Metropolis, is now so refined, and candour so openly conspicuous in every dealing where money is concerned, that the virtuous indignation of all those whose own little

peccadilloes have not yet been brought to light will no doubt be highly raised, quite as much, however, I'll be bound to say, against what has preceded as against what is to follow. If you are not fond of a little scandal, do not read on.

Mr. Weatherside was a very plausible and a very punctilious Church-going man. No wonder: he was cousin to the Rajah of Breakage, an owner of Church property, and often resided on the Rajah's estate, in the left wing of the family mansion, Rosicrucian House, at Blackberry-cum-Sloe. The Rajah's brother, it was said, had once taken orders for the Church, but finding it too low for him, he now rode the high horse. This brother was a perfect oracle, and thought very lightly of the veterinary art. I thought so too, and always shall whenever I have a horse to dispose of. He, whether with or without Mr. Weatherside, would take a horse from anybody, and often get rid of it again within a week. When these two gentlemen were together the effect was perfectly stunning, for their ideas, thoughts, and movements were as close, as similar, and as natural as the Siamese Twins. You may suppose, then, it was boldness for an inexperienced pupil like myself to think to weather men of this stamp, but then I only proposed attempting it on Mr. Weatherside, and it

was upwards of sixteen months after his intended kindness to me before I found an opportunity even to do that. At the end of the Autumn, however, of 1862, I went one Sunday to the Church Mr. Weatherside patronized when in town. No consequence what Church, it was nearly thorough-bred, carried a very good head, had a straight back, but a slight curb on the near aisle. On leaving, I was accosted unexpectedly thus: "Spurs, I have been inquiring for you the last fortnight. I have a horse at Great Gloom I don't know what to do with; could you accompany me there to-morrow, I can put you up very comfortably?"

Standing as I was, at a Church door, I replied (Mr. Weatherside being only a few yards in front of me) "I am timid to talk of horses, but promise to treat me to a little pure milk, pure cream, and pure butter, not one of which have I ever tasted in London the last five years, though I have paid heavily for the same, and I'll be Simon Pure your humble servant."

We went; the horse was shewn me; Chameleon was his name. "Who have you consulted?" I asked*.

"Oh, there's nobody here to consult, and if there

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* Neither of the three gents mentioned ever paid for a licence.

was it would be of no use. All who know of the circumstances recommend his being shot. Isn't it a pity, such a fine animal?"

"Well," I said, "I am fond of doctoring a little, but this case is quite beyond me. Rather, however, than he should be shot, I will give you £.10 besides half that he may realize, and will take him back in the train at the end of the week."

This was accepted with many thanks. Chameleon was safely led into a well padded horse-box on the morning of Friday, shortly after daybreak, and insured for £.120, I being in the same compartment in front in the place reserved for grooms. My nostrum a profound secret to everybody. Do not think I insured with any intention of hurting the poor animal and thus further punishing my former silly brother-shareholders of this line who had lost half their capital, and then grumbled because the directors throve on their credulity. No; my retaliation was to be reserved for Mr. Weatherside, to whom I shortly afterwards rode the beautiful Chameleon, showed the insurance ticket, and said that magnificent as he looked, he was not exactly the kind of horse I wanted, and offered to exchange for a chesnut that they both had guaranteed their relative the Rajah eighty guineas for at least.

"I'll tell you honestly what I'll do," said Mr. Weatherside after some little parley, "if you'll leave the horse here till to-morrow morning so that I may look him over, I'll promise you the exchange you want, and you'll find mine much more suited for your purpose than your own kingly looking creature, fine as he steps."

"Well," I answered, "I am really of your opinion; but I would prefer his sleeping in his own well secured loose box. He shall be down to you by nine o'clock, and I will call a little before twelve; you will then have had trial enough. As to examination a blind man could tell there's not much of that required."

No objection was made to this very fair suggestion. I was certainly in a great fright at the proposal for poor Chameleon to sleep in a strange bed, but I would have risked even that rather than have lost the chance of reimbursing Mr. Weatherside. Chameleon was sent down before nine, and I did not follow until after twelve, thereby showing no hurry. The Rajah's brother, Mr. Poser, had by this time exercised him well, and at the moment of my entry was still examining him, I suppose for the half dozenth time. He thereupon politely stopped any further scrutiny whilst we exchanged salutations, and then he commenced again by staring into the poor animal's

eyes. This is not infallibly the best method of discovering anything wrong in, or about, that part. I adopt a very different system. I watch most attentively the man's eyes instead, and often find my reward: but neither Mr. Weatherside nor Mr. Poser condescended to look into my countenance, so I had the better opportunity of looking into theirs, and I was not long in discovering that Chameleon was pronounced to be a positive trump.

Mr. Poser now opened the conversation with "He looks tolerably right; the off eye appeared to alter in brightness before I exercised him but I can't see anything defective."

"Eye?" quickly repeated I, as bold as a sheep, "I will guarantee both his eyes with any special warranty you like if you don't object to any other part of his head."

This they could not, for the exterior conformation was perfect; so then with just a slight glance at each other which bespoke their entire concurrence, agreement, and satisfaction, Mr. Weatherside turned to me with "You can take the Chesnut in exchange, if you desire to have her."

The Chesnut was brought out, and I, looking very loth to part with the beautiful Chameleon now ventured to speak with easy confidence. "I am

going into the country this afternoon," I said (You should always be going into the country a few hours after getting rid of a horse) "and I hope the Chesnut's shoes are firm."

"No fear," replied Mr. Weatherside, and he whispered, "No need to say anything about this exchange."

"Dumb as a mute," retorted I, and then in the hurry of the moment, anxious to bestow some slight compliment that might be mutually suitable, and just bring to the surface the open and candid dealing between us, I added, "I have behaved to you very fairly, have I not—just as I know you would have behaved to me?"

"All right," returned Mr. Weatherside, "Polly," that was the Chesnut, "will keep her condition on two feeds a day. Good Morning;" and we parted.

Now for the sequel. Chameleon was for the Rajah, who was to give something in addition to the eighty guinea Chesnut for him; and he asked Mr. Weatherside to ride the following day to Highgate that Sir Dashing Driver might take an envious view of so superb a steed previous to his departure for Blackberry-cum-Sloe. Mr. Weatherside left at half-past three with the intention of returning early, for there was company to dinner at seven, when just before sunset

(it was generally towards evening that Chameleon's appearance unexpectedly changed) as he rode gently along on the broad green sward, on the brink of the muddy ditch on his right, half filled with bushes and stinging nettles, Chameleon suddenly stopped, shook his head strangely, and looking up to the sky in a suppliant manner that seemed to say "Oh! that such a Merciful Make-believe as you should ever come to grief," upon his knees he went in an epileptic fit, slobbering away like an overfed calf, and gradually sliding down the slope into the ditch, pulling the rider with him. Sad misgivings now overtook the mind of Mr. Weatherside, but, assistance having been procured, Chameleon, in half an hour, was got out, led away gently, and by the time dinner was over they both arrived at the town residence. A consultation was held the following morning and a kind of half threatening style of polite letter dispatched to me in in the country. It might be construed to mean, "Bring the Chesnut back again, and we shall all be contented, otherwise exposure may be resorted to;" but I did not read it in that light, and long before it reached me poor Chameleon had suffered another attack. The following answer was returned :—

"Mr. Spurs' compliments to Mr. Weatherside, the Rajah, and Mr. Poser, and he is much concerned

to hear of the novel affliction supposed to have overtaken Chameleon; the more so as Polly was so much admired by his very particular friend the Prince of Homburg, that she is gone abroad. Mr. Spurs would rather attribute Chameleon's ailing to fright from hearing unexpectedly some PIPING noise which may have caused a convulsive nervous twitching of the hind leg, and the consequent fall among the stinging nettles. Prayers, alternating with 'Pigeon' Plasters will be found most efficacious whenever dizziness in the head is detected."

I heard nothing further nor will you until you try to persuade me that fiddle heads, drooping quarters, and hugged tails are becoming for a respectable person to ride. And that crooked legs, gummy ancles, and contracted feet are of no consequence.

Regarding Shoeing, there are French, American, German, and various English Shoes to choose from. I always keep to the one laid down in my own book; and I am ready to wager another half sovereign that I will keep my horse's heels as open with that shoe under my treatment, as any man from any country will his horse's heels with his shoe under his treatment. If you wish to know my treatment it consists in tarring, never paring, the frog, and keeping the feet moist by using

large leather boots ; or else Felt Swabs, with Cherry's pads all the summer nights and half of the winter nights. Without boots or swabs the best shoeing, even from the most celebrated professional forges, will often fail to keep the heels open.

Now, omnipotent Judges and Jury, I have given you information gratis, rendering to many good for evil. If you earnestly desire to have seats on The Bench, and to keep your critical heads clear of the Macadamized soil of this wicked world, use freely but truly, the understandings inside them for the improvement of the horses' UNDERSTANDINGS ; and as I have written solely with the object of leading all Outsiders and Free Thinkers on this subject into the straight path, " Go you and do likewise."

BLUNT SPURS.

LETTER II.

In the *Sporting Gazette* of September 1869, there is a long dissertation under the head of "Arab Horse." The writer therein quoted, seems to be of opinion that horses in England, have, on the whole, really improved during the last thirty years. If this is correct then I should say that thirty years ago a very large number of blood horses must have hopped on one leg, for certainly there are very few five-year-old thoroughbreds now-a-days to be found with two, that is, whose legs and feet can be pronounced satisfactory by any competent judge.

Referring to the former celebrated horse "Childers," the writer says, "Fancy a race-horse with a short square dock! I wonder they didn't clip his ears like those of a fighting dog." A race-horse with a short square dock (I have seen Childers drawn differently) is certainly not at all in unison with good taste, nor with the taste of the present age. Crooked

legs and contracted heels should be much less so. The former would not produce any malformation in the offspring got by him, nor the slightest injury to the future stock of horses. The latter, having been caused by overwork, or by more work than the legs can stand, would. He wonders "they didn't clip his ears." I wonder more they don't now straighten their legs before allowing them to be used for foal getting. The writer thinks that Childers never went the pace attributed to him, for stop-watches were not always to be relied upon in those days. It forms no part of my creed to believe, or disbelieve, the accounts of his speed any more than it does to believe that some of the celebrated sires of the present time have the beautiful legs at five years old they are drawn and painted with at three. "Facts are stubborn things;" I say so too. Let us all then see for ourselves, and believe, or disbelieve, according as our own eyes may be straight or askew. Put no faith in paintings nor in descriptions.

The writer praises the "Flying Dutchman." Undoubtedly the greatest part of him was superb, and the same may be said of "Muley Moloch," but I should be very sorry to bet that the legs and the feet of either were straight and perfect at five years of age. A two-year-old by the former was offered me many years

ago for 300 guineas. At the first glance I thought him very cheap, and was almost about to purchase; but on walking round to the near side, my eye caught the very slight tendency of the forelegs, if not exactly to crook, at least to swerve out of the proper symmetrical line, so I declined giving more than 300 shillings.

The writer next supposes the English thoroughbred horse has possibly, after all, but a very homœopathic dose of the Arab blood in his veins. Very likely; and he may be in want of more; but, whether he has or not, half the riders in England probably neither know, nor care. What they do care about is this, that they have now to travel and trudge more than double the distance of former times, before they can alight on any which do not betray some malformation in their legs or feet. And if those concerned do not soon administer some tremendous doses of fresh orthodox, clean, unblemished leg, and good foot blood, of some country, into the sires and dams destined to produce the future stock, then, that portion of the public who refuse to be seen mounted on blood animals, however fine shaped above, but with such second or third-rate legs and feet below, will have to travel further still, and over to France or Germany, or elsewhere, to procure them. It does not require a man "to ride as well as he did ten years

ago" to be able to tell whether a horse has "boulets" about his ancles, or bent legs and bad feet; ladies and boys and girls of fifteen years of age point them out in a minute.

Arab horses of 14 hands 2 inches high (which is about the height of the best blood) will of course stand no chance for speed against English of 15 to 16 hands. You have got the speed here in England in the English horse. You have got the crooked legs and the right well contracted heels into the bargain. Carry your training on for the next hundred years in the same manner as you have for the last hundred, and what queer looking stumps blood horses from five to six years old would have! The legs and feet then of five-year-old English thorough-breds will stand no comparison for beauty, straightness, and wide frogs with those of the Arab; the Arabs will take the prize in that respect at all events unless they should be kept under English training management in this country for a few years, and then they may become as crooked as their neighbours: but when I was in India (some time ago, certainly) it was about as difficult to find a five-year-old blood Arab with the double fault of crooked legs and contracted heels as it now is difficult to find an Engligh thorough-bred of five years old with the double virtue of straight legs and perfectly open heels.

The writer also inquires how it is that Arabs purchased, presented, exported, &c. from the East to Europe are now found to compare unfavourably with the English thorough-bred. Partly for the same reason that English horses purchased, presented, exported, &c. to India, *malgré* their superior size and speed, compare unfavourably with the Arabs there. There's a wheel within a wheel, as ancient perhaps as one of the wheels in the vehicle mentioned in the letter as Pharaoh's chariot for some of these importations and exportations. As to Pharoah's horses they were far from being pure blood, if I am to take the statues exhibited of them as fac-similes. Two English Entires I once saw destined for India that I would not have ridden on a Sunday (independent of which no entire horses should ever have been sent to the studs in that country: it was mares that were so much needed) and I have seen Arabs nearly as indifferent shipped from the East to Europe. With regard to their "mysterious pedigrees" no sensible man should attempt to dive into those: that should be left to the orthodox, with heads brimful of faith, to unravel. A French Curé solved the riddle for me as correctly as it ever will be solved. He was imparting to me information on the pedigree of his religion when I reminded him of his promise to give me that of the Arab in his

stable. He then ejaculated "*Oh! mon ami c'est un très grand mystère.*" I presume he meant the pedigree of the Arab. Those who desire it, and will listen to reason, may clear up the mystery for themselves and dispense with all pedigrees. An Arab that has the proper build and energy will carry his pedigree in his *tout-ensemble*, and so will an English horse. But recollect that two horses from the same sire and dam, may have very different build, and very different energy, and one may be worth ten times that of the other; for if one of these should be foaled with a small eye, or with small girth, or with ill-shaped quarters, or should during faulty education get a crooked understanding, and puffy ancles with contracted feet, he would lose in value as much as a Sèvres vase would, if a piece had been broken out; or as a lady's point lace dress would if a few holes had been burnt in it. The article would be ruined. A thorough-bred Arab or a thorough-bred English horse should possess the following build: a straight spine and long quarter, straight from the croup to the tail, with the latter well carried: a muscular and handsomely dropped hind leg with the thighs broader than the haunch bones; a round barrel swelling well out behind the elbows with great depth of girth; a moderately broad chest; an oblique and very deep shoulder; a light neck; a well

set on lean head, wide flat forehead, and deer-like, with a large brilliant eye, thin open nostril, deep mouth and small silky ear; the upper inner bones of the knees and hocks large, having the back sinews clean, powerful and wide away from the suspensory ligament; the forelegs being planted indubitably straight, and the whole covered with a fine thin skin finishing with short tough feet, but with large bold frogs. Here is thorough-bred for every country, and no other should be sought after from any country. Devote this build in sire and dam to speed, and speed with beauty will be inherited. Devote it to trotting and trotters with beauty will be inherited. Devote it to hunting, and hunters with beauty will be inherited. Devote it to rearing for parade, and handsome chargers will be produced, while all four will carry their pedigree in their graceful build, and pleasingly animated countenances. Arabs of pure caste may be very ill adapted for heavy weights, and they are likely to remain so until they have gone through a few generations in this cold climate and become enlarged; but on the other hand you will find that English, quite thorough-bred, are often sold, notwithstanding their magnificent pedigrees, for a much less price than three-parts breds of good form, solely because they are weedy and small barrelled, with indifferent legs and feet. For either English or

Arab horse search then for the build, points, energy, and graceful appearance as above described, and if the stock should be free from all defects in the extremities, the sire and dam undefiled by bent legs, uncontaminated by bubbles around the ancles, and uninjured in any way by overwork, you will not only have pure, but valuable pure blood, and a treasure not to be trusted to a trainer.

A word or two of *minutiæ* now for the uninitiated. Always endeavour to obtain your first inspection of a horse when he is half asleep in the stable, so that you may see how he stands with his forelegs whilst dozing. This can always be done in the East where the Arab horse may be seen in his stall quietly standing and quite undisturbed; and the moment he is led out at a walk, with the accustomed gentle treatment he receives, up go his head and tail naturally, and his clean straight legs are put out gracefully. But in England you meet with the very reverse of all this, for the moment you enter the stable the whip is rapped against the wall, to induce all the inmates to rest their forefeet down firmly which many of them from tenderness would otherwise have been unwilling to do; then when you ask to have one led out ginger is applied, to which the operator should be also treated, and, what with the whip on one side, and

rattling the hat on the other, the animal is made to move very like a frightened bullock. Why is this? You go to see the horse, to inspect his eyes, legs, feet, and his natural action which the seller instead of assisting, seems determined to prevent. Does he act in this way because his horse has good carriage and solid pins, or because he has not?

I will not attempt to dilate more at present on the form of the horse, but let me ask this fundamental question, "Are horses with straight legs and wide frogs, or those with crooked legs and narrow frogs, to be deemed the proper model of good build and shape?" If the latter, then let us have new human forms also to throw into the shade and to eclipse the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medicis; two forms with bull necks and bail of cotton waists for instance. Surely that would not be so unsightly nor so painful to look at as horses with bandy legs and contracted heels.

In conclusion, I cannot refrain from eulogizing the Latin proverb, at least the translation of it, contained in this dissertation. All horseman, I hope, will entirely concur in it, and no breeders ever forget it:—

"Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis."

Ponies, that are good, breed good, and useful ponies.

Here is a clear admission, I hope not unintentional, that "like will beget like." The instructor of my

youth claimed knowledge of two poetical lines, which conveyed the same meaning, if not in such elegant diction, at least in quite as comprehensive language for the minds of us ordinary pupils; and it is evidently much needed that they should be uppermost in all our thoughts now a days:—

"Ere you purchase any lot scan the legs of sires and dams of ums,
For sure it's those with bandy legs what begets the bandy legged uns."

Not having learnt Latin (which, by the by, none of my progeny shall until they have first learnt to distinguish straight legs from crooked ones) I will write a French proverb in return; and though my rendering may not be verbatim and literally correct, still it is construed most appropriately for the Turf:—

"Bois tortu fait feu droit."
Crooked wooden legs make an even blaze for betting,
The veritable object being solely money getting,
"Les achetez vous-même, mais pas pour moi."
They'll do very well for the rich man, but not for us poor.

And all who are not possessed of more money than brains will leave them to the full enjoyment of that enticing green, soft, and moist turf so admirably adapted to their tender understandings. It is cruel to put them to any other use than that for which they have been so carefully educated.

These two letters are given for the small sum of 1*s.* in order to obtain your charitable subscription for the New Orthopedic Hospital for the straightening of horses' legs from the knee downwards, and the opening of their heels, about to be erected under the auspices of

BLUNT SPURS.

LETTER III.

"De rebus cunctis et quibusdam aliis."

Befriend a man with kindly counsel in what Englishmen, above all other men, by way of exalting their Island and themselves, delight in calling a barbarous and uncivilized country, and substantial worth is often meted out in return. Attempt the same beneficent action in your own refined community, to your own enlightened brethren, and you may perchance come in contact with a civilized savage and dire foe for your pains. The cause of this is not very difficult of explanation. In the first place our foggy Islanders dread a frank confession that those they term barbarous are far superior to themselves in many virtues; and in the second they are fearfully jealous of an unknown man presuming to give information, where it is neither asked for nor wanted,

especially where if followed it might tend to interrupt the golden free trade in promissory paper. But to inveigh against betting is not my intention. I love it. Bet away, say I, to your heart's content, only it would be an extra security if all the amounts were deposited at the time the bets were made; or if all were put in the pillory who failed to pay, and were afterwards kept working on the roads until they had earned sufficient to do so. The depositing first, however, would obviate all difficulties and unpleasantness.

My former two letters I find have proved highly displeasing, not only to a martial man but a martial martyr, whose legs after perusing them were observed to quiver very similar to some of his own horses, for he very naturally thought that the *exposé* of tremulous and bent legs might be somewhat injurious to their sale. It was on the 31st of March, as I was travelling down from the upper counties, I found myself seated opposite two good-looking men—the one fair, the other dark. These turned out to be Count Garniture and Colonel Backgammon. The former rummaging his handsome morocco bag, pulled out the foregoing two letters and handed them to his friend. The latter, after perusal, returned them muttering the words: "Great humbug!" but adding,—

" I have to ride out towards Camden Town to-morrow, and I shall inquire at the College if the name of the writer is known there ?" True to his expressed intention, Colonel Backgammon, accompanied by the Count, did ride out to that neighbourhood on the day following the 31st of March, but being strangers to the locality, as well as the architecture of the building, they rode about until they unexpectedly found themselves opposite the huge, ponderous doors, of that sacred edifice. Then they commenced staring on the richly emblazoned colossal gold letters in magnificent bas-relief fixed directly under the royal arms, and they saw inscribed the much dreaded College motto :—

" NO MUFFS ALLOWED TO ENTER HERE."

At this moment, one of the College grooms who happened to be at hand, observing their perplexity, and feeling doubtful whether they did not belong to the above-named prohibited class of individuals, who often bear such striking resemblance to much of their own blood stock—having passable heads but weak understandings—politely demanded their pleasure.

" Why," spoke Colonel Backgammon, " we were desirous of learning whether a person of the name of Spurs was in any way known out here ?"

"A person of the name of Spurs," repeated the groom. "You don't mean Mr. Blunt Spurs?"

"Yes," joined in Count Garniture, "that is the name, Mr. Blunt Spurs."

"Oh, very well, indeed," continued the groom, fixing his eyes on that part of the horse just below the knee. "He's the architect of the new Orthopedic Hospital; was once chief of all the amateurs."

Neither Colonel Backgammon nor Count Garniture stayed to hear the concluding word of this sentence. They had obtained the information they sought, and the word "chief" quite paralyzed them; so thanking the groom they, rather abrubtly, rode away to their club, asking each other when they had recovered breath, what was the last word of the sentence. The Count, however, decided that it must have been chief of anatomy; consequently, as the whole drift of the Two Letters was,—as far as the sale of damaged stock is concerned,—opposed to their pecuniary interests, they resolved to "chuck the trash into the fire: they had no doubt the writer had some object to gain." In this last supposition they were right. The writer's object was, and is, the welfare of the horse, not theirs, nor anybody else's, who may be anxious to evade, and who appear to have induced the Press to evade the real question at

issue, which is :—Whether the racing of horses of any age whatever, so as to crook their legs, does not tend to the deterioration instead of the improvement of the breed, if such horses should be sent to the stud in that state, and one-half of the progeny should be found, by the time they reach the age of five years, to show the same hereditary defect? That is the question wanted to be answered and explained; and I have no great respect for the understandings of those persons who cannot see evident proof of such deterioration by a glance at the horse's understandings.

There is a style of talk current of late, to the effect that "our horses can't be so very bad, considering that we beat all the world in speed over the Turf." Granted that you have hitherto almost always done so, yet I very much doubt whether the public would not infinitely prefer indubitable straight legs and good open heels for either purpose of Charger, Hunter, or Hack, even if got by a sire that had never been trained at all, to taking deteriorated legs and feet merely because they had descended from one who had gained even the best of races. If racing has been kept up for the last fifty years for improving the breed of horses, surely by this time we ought to have blood stock not only that is not so very bad, but one-half

of which should be very good, and nine-tenths of which, if intended for the stud, should be perfect at all events in their legs and feet. How many now go there with these requisites you may judge for yourself by inspecting. Bear in mind, then, that those who desire to purchase handsome horses of good make, whether thorough-bred or only three-parts bred, with a little more certainty than they have at present, that their pedestals will be capable of standing fair work, without displaying symptoms of hereditary impairment, will not rest satisfied with the superficial argument:—that "our horses can't be so very bad considering that we beat all the world in speed over the Turf." That is very fallacious and inconclusive reasoning, for it has been accomplished at the expense of the horse's lower stories, the melancholy state of which proves that one-half of them though useful for the soft turf against soft men are useful for little else. It is asserted likewise in the same manner, and perhaps correctly in some points of view, that your sheep can't be so very bad, indeed, that you have the finest in the world; and also the finest strawberries in the world, though many connoiseurs are of opinion that by the forcing system, pursued to get them, both have deteriorated in taste and flavour. You have also, perhaps, the finest

diamonds in the world with the Koh-i-noor, &c.; but if flaws were made in these by some boring process, and part of the beautiful glitter destroyed by stain, the diamonds by the same style of argument, might still be called of the purest water—but would they not greatly have deteriorated and become as valueless for ornamental use as broken Sèvres china? Of course they would. How much greater then is the comparative deterioration of the finest of living animals whose services are required for use, for ornament, for healthy, agreeable excitement, and for pleasure; and what pleasure can persons of taste have in bestriding young thorough-bred blossoms with carcases more like lodging-house bolsters than well shaped barrels, and whose limbs, even when straight, have often a puffiness about the pasterns, the possible precursor in these young things to premature petrifaction.

There is another phrase likewise current which influential horse orators fancy we ought to accept and rest satisfied with. Finding the public becoming very sceptical about horses in general, but legs in particular, they blurt out:—"Oh! you can't get perfection in anything." Many novices in this line both old and young, have I watched, who although at the very first glance at the legs were perfectly cognizant of

their irremediable form, yet taking leave of their senses at the critical moment, have been quieted with this phrase, and have persuaded themselves they would afterwards be well contented; but month after month has passed, and daily annoyance, as they observed their acquaintances ferret these blemishes out, has been all that fell to their lot; so their own original and naturally correct sight and judgment, having by this insinuating speech been whirled out of their heads, and shunted aside like unto the unfortunate legs they now have on hand, and cannot get rid of, they bravely resolve to simulate belief in its virtue, to re-echo it, and spout it out for the benefit of others. As they in their ignorance were misled and deemed it unanswerable, so they are now reduced to the alternative of suffering a fifty per cent. loss, or of trying to instil the same delusive language, indiscriminately into the heads of both friends and foes. When brought face to face with these versatile merry-go-round whirligigs, we also must boldly unfold our knowledge of human nature, as well as of horse nature, and convince them that we are not to be dumfounded, nor taken off our balance, as they may have been, by the curt sentence:—"You can't get perfection in anything," any more than by that of "our horses can't be so very bad, considering that

we beat all the world in speed over the Turf." It may be very difficult to get perfection; but that is no reason why we should take a horse with legs, the timber of which is partly decayed, any more than we should take a carriage with wheels the timber of which is partly decayed; or a house the foundation of which shows symptoms of sinking. Let the principal supports at least be perfect. Do not be hoodwinked then by any shallow or interested phraseology of this kind. For either carriage, house, or horse, make first sure of the foundation. The superstructure and the colour to harmonize with it (of course the more requisite in proportion to the price to be paid), must still be regarded as secondary to an undoubted solid basis.

About eighteen hundred thorough-bred foals, it is stated, are annually born in the United Kingdom; and I do not believe there are one hundred and eighty of these, that ever reach the age of five years with either perfectly clean limbs, or perfectly open heels. Are the blood and training both so improved, that not one in ten can be brought to the age of five years pure and intact? I fear they are; and if so, purchasers and pleasure seekers who pay, must have the privilege of protesting against those pitiful pins that so often accompany this pure blood, being ever

allowed the remotest chance of reproduction, even when intended to be allied with the commonest coach or cart mares. The patronizing public have already had too many pure pinchbeck deformities palmed off on them. Race away every day in the week, the French Sunday as well if you choose; the better day the better deed. I'll find time to take a peep between prayers, and my object being the amelioration of the horse's legs, "that can't be so very bad." Run all barren mares and geldings to crook, if you like. Run all colts and fillies not intended for the stud, to crook likewise. That is only a species of cruelty to the existing generation, and will not damage the offspring; but those that are intended for the stud must not be put to performances that in any way injure their legs. If it is argued that nobody can tell how much a young colt or filly can stand before the legs and feet show deterioration, (I thought racing was for improving) I answer, stop at all events the instant the evil effects become visible. This is not done. They are run on, supported by laced or elastic stockings, long after their tender legs have betrayed evident symptoms of the hereditary crook, solely because a race of some description can always somewhere be found, where every bandy-legged and bolster-carcassed beauty can go in with some chance of winning. Improve the under-

standings of your own juvenile offspring, to as crooked a form as you deem commensurate with improvement; but if we are to take any pleasure in seeing races, we must have straight uncovered legs to look at, and not bent ones with stockings on when they come to perform.

The value of race horses for the present day appears to be, firstly, for betting; secondly, for getting the fastest horse over the turf, no matter whether the animal suffers by the training process or not—occasionally, therefore, to prevent the fast favourite going too fast and winning, even when able, must necessarily be a virtue, and a proof of regard for *the legs;* thirdly, to obtain subscriptions for the different stakes, &c.; and after all, to treat the public to a sale of half-ruined wretched rips, and then pretend to wonder that they grumble at the show, and feel ashamed to take such extraordinary creatures for the pleasure of ordinary riding. The time has now come when all blood stock found to be afflicted with the customary infirmities should be discarded and banished from all respectable stables. The very cabmen have commenced refusing the weedy dregs when the pedestals have also suffered. It would be a great blessing if all that are found so visibly injured, and that have been taken away from their natural

soft turf to be brought on to the high roads, were prohibited parading before the public gaze. A skeleton mule overladen with baskets of bricks; a lady's palfrey with galled withers; a mangey donkey with raw hips, are all distressing sights; but none so much offend the eye as thorough-bred wrecks turned adrift by their trainers with tortuous trembling timbers. The managers of race horses were formerly accustomed to physic many to death. After that it was not uncommon to dim the sight and quite blind others from the dark and hot state of their stables. The latest improvement consists in crooking their legs and contracting their heels. Surely these heavenly inspired trainers, with all their wonderful knowledge, might learn to use boots for the feet as well as laced-up stockings for the legs. The latter too often fail in their intended purpose, but a few guineas annually spent on the former, and kept on every horse for twelve hours out of the twenty-four, would save many a valuable one from those detestable stomach-ache giving, wired-in heels.

The present system of training, then, tends evidently to the detriment, not to the improvement, of the horse's understanding; but, by judicious management, the most unblemished, solid, and straight legs, with large frogs and wide open heels, might be combined with

speed, and transmitted from sire to son with as much certainty as the reverse now are; only in order to have the chances on your side for procuring these advantages, both sire and dam must be in full possession of all these indispensable qualifications at the moment they are sent to the stud. By strict attention the most beautiful harmonizing colours, combined with the much desired, but seldom found, graceful carriage of head and tail, might as certainly be produced and transmitted into the bargain. A golden chesnut, for instance, with milk-white hind legs, pleases the eye; but a darker chesnut, if he should have a mealy and lighter shade of leg than the body, does not. A rich dark, or bright bay, with black points, is no doubt handsomer than either of these colours with lighter points. A stylish roan, with tan muzzle, black mane and tail, and black points, is much admired for harness, though this colour is rare in the thorough-bred. A black horse is no doubt preferred with black points. A dark brown also with ditto, though a tan muzzle and white star on the forehead, is thought to improve this last. A light brown, or the mouse colour when a horse is clipped, verges on the ugly.

A report is gaining ground that a *posse* of owners of hundreds of acres are contemplating the advocacy in Parliament of our Cavalry being mounted on

chargers with legs in the *à la mode de Louis Quinze* style. The measure is deemed requisite in the interest of the sellers, for as so many of our thorough-bred sires are gradually relinquishing the old-fashioned straight leg, and inclining to this new form, they think "it can't be so very bad." As a seller, I am sure I shall never attempt to throw any obstacle in the way of so discerning a proceeding, but I would respectfully suggest that the first batch of these improved nags should be sent to the Royal Horse Marines, and that in passing through London, the oriental custom of loose muslin bags tied above the knee to hang over the hoof should be introduced. This would be a double advantage in England, for whereas in India it is resorted to to keep the flies off, here it would be more profitably done to keep the eyes off, and the vulgar horse-cry might be changed into a horse-laugh. It would also serve to keep the advocates of these odd-looking shapeless legs consistent, and prevent them saying "they are of no consequence;" for when they happen to be purchasers for themselves, not sellers, the bags should always be on during the inspection, and kept on until the price was concluded; this would effectually serve to prevent them blowing hot and cold at the same time. The professional gentlemen attached to the above-men-

tioned distinguished corps has hitherto been in the habit of rejecting all crooked-legged remounts and other deformities, a practice similar to that of the Surgeon-Major who rejects all club-footed or lop-sided recruits, but the legislature may possibly be invoked before long to make them more humane for the future. Well, if in its generosity it can be induced to take all the remnants of the present period into war-pay in order to keep the peace, and award compensation to all present proprietors on the strictest condition that it really is clean, straight understandings that are to be henceforth reared up, and no others, let us clench with that compassionate understanding, and any person found hereafter parading a bent and bung'd leg in any public place should, like those who don't pay, be put in the pillory.

Be it understood, however, we positively intend to retain our full liberty to bet as we like. It is the only sure path to test the Educational Scheme, and prove whether Greek and Latin scholars or their dons either can hold a candle to the wide-awake students under turf tutelage, and stand an open *vivâ voce* competition with those algebraical bookmakers. Immediately they venture out of their confined classical cloisters on to geometrical going ground, they soon have practical proof of there being no royal road to learning. Why

did they not enter at that college first where four-legged instincts are grappled with, serviceable science plainly illustrated, and the art of moving forward intelligibly expounded ? Their own two-legged instincts which must have warned many from the beginning that horses, not Horace, was their ambition, would then have been doubled; and a couple of seasons passed in that hemisphere, would have taught them that vigilance was fully as needful as Virgil, and would have lined their larder with something more lucrative than Latin. Had Paterfamilias helped them in this direction, they would have learnt the prosody of the period, and would neither have been hoaxed nor made a harvest of. The sign-posts were clearly up, but with unpardonable purblind precipitation, they took the wrong course, and according to the laws of Nature's Club, they have been distanced; the consequence is they are now left to deal in promissory paper, while their half compromised classical Paters are deservedly left to pay the piper. There may be still time for some to retrieve. Though well milked, they may not be muffs, but there is a deal of leeway, I calculate, to make up, and unless they "go in" to listen to the latest interpretative lectures which, I can vouch for, are eminently demonstrative of the fact that with full knowledge of a four-legger, they

would be rarely baffled by a two-legger, I doubt their ever being able to beat to windward of their adversaries. Try then "*Reculez pour mieux santer.*"

But what is to be done with those paradoxical politicians who have striven to upset this betting test of crucial education, and to lead the country off the proper scent? The subject in dispute is not the keeping of human heads straight so much as the keeping of horses' legs straight, and morality consists quite as much in the one as in the other, but as the two sciences are admitted to be most intimately intertwined, the legislature will consequently best arrange by taking them both in unison. With regard to Messrs. Green and Gander, who, at the instigation of Messrs. Muff and Milksop, proposed to abolish betting merely because there would then be no other method left of proving who might be right and who wrong; and who stated that if abolished it was to be hoped that would bring on a fling at Tattersall's, they, seeing the utter discomfiture, not to say ducking, they were likely to bring on themselves, by attempting to bring a civilized state into such a chaos, instantly recanted, and disclaimed any such interpretation of their words. Mr. Green said he had been misinterpreted, and Mr. Gander said he had been misreported, and that what Mr. Green really did mean, and what Mr. Gander

really did say, was, that if betting was botched, not that it would bring on a fling at Tattersall's, but that it would bring the Ring to Tatters all.

Bravo, five to one on Green and Gander. Fifty to one 'gainst Muff and Milksop. Good, still a dead stop must be put to the propagation of crooked legs if we are to be saved from a voyage across the Channel for all descriptions of our equine requirements. Foreigners have no need to be taught in what a straight well formed symmetrical leg consists. They appear to know it by natural instinct, and if they bid high when over here they are not such gulls as to return home with any that are damaged, or that show hereditary malformation. They are capable of comprehending Nature's instructions that "Like will generally beget like;" and by rigid attention to this, and not overworking their young, there will soon be markets both in Russia, Italy, Germany, and France, that will compel you to acknowledge their understandings are superior to your understandings, for it is to these countries you will have to go, as well as myself; and sick as I am of that pitching see-saw passage over the water, I am sicker still of those pinched-in heels and squinting stumps. I hear it said "there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." That may be so, but on the English coast they must be wandering

about frightened to show their legs, or there must be something wrong with the fishermen or their nets. Whatever it may be, those brought to the market are seldom inviting, and if partaken of are found to be very indigestible.

Once in my life, and once only, I purchased a yearling without seeing the sire. I kept him, as I always do the one or two I can afford, until he was turned of three years old before either breaking or shoeing. The brute's legs notwithstanding began to crook and bung before three months had passed, though he never had more than ten minutes trot in the day, and that very gently. A ploughboy, whose eye once caught the bulbous bosses around his pasterns, cried out to me,

"Sir, your horse has been galloping over my grounds and purloining the onions."

"Gallop," I said in my innocence, "he is only four years old, and has never had a gallop in his life."

"No matter o'that," returned the boy, "his father did then, and he has stolen them from him."

This made me seek a sight of his sire's legs. "Sire Harkaway." It was a sight. They strongly resembled the legs of the Louis Quinze chairs, richly adorned with holly stick knobs, being not only curved to that fashion, but having lumps and bumps and bony

excrescences all over; thus my treasure that had been taken care of at such trouble and expense during his minority, was fast becoming like his once much admired sire, despite bandages, and the never having more than ten stone on his back, including saddle. He cost me, with keep, &c. £.175 before I ever mounted him, and after sixteen months of walking and very gentle trotting exercise I sold him for £.17, full £.10 more than he was worth, though his upper build, colour, and all else was indisputably correct. That was not the worst of it. The affair became known; I was laughed at, twice called a muff, and had to resign my appointment as chief of the amateurs; the consequence has been that whereas formerly I got twenty shillings for every copy of my Griffin's Aide-de-Camp, I am now forced to sell these most instructive Letters for less than twenty pence. I relate the whole story here because Colonel Backgammon wormed it out of the under ostler at my manufactory, by giving him half-a-crown, and he then shabbily called upon his partner, Count Garniture, for half of his lay out, or one shilling and threepence, for the information. Take warning, and attend to the poetical distich on this head in Letter II. on page 37.

Travelling into other regions we alight on different

kinds of horses, and different kinds of masters, farmers, dealers, country and town gentry, &c. men for whose especial benefit the owners of race horses say they run their thorough-bred stock, and not only say, but actually compel them to believe it. The farmer breeders are treated first, but they often make their selection quite regardless of legs and feet, for as they keep the produce unbroken and unshod, until two, three or four years old, the hereditary defects may not obtrude until they are well out of their hands. The misfortune both for themselves and the public is, they still cling to the hope that all the handsome points there may be in the thorough-bred sire will be reproduced with the good legs and feet of their own dams, and that all the bad qualities of each will be lost. Common observation alone might teach how numerous the chances are against them. If farmer breeders and horsemen would all join together in collective wisdom and determination, a far superior horse to what we now get might soon be produced, and that quite independent of any thorough-bred parents. Take a three-parts to seven-eighths bred unblemished sire, with about the same quantity of breeding in an equally unblemished dam. Through this process the same quantity of good breeding would be obtained as by mixing thorough-bred blemished legged winners

with half to three-parts bred mares, whilst the produce would stand free of all leg defects, and would be far more valuable and far more suitable for either charger, hunter, or hack, than by keeping to the present system, which too often brings forth the faults of both. To have *a perfect, and perfectly handsome horse*, it must no doubt be quite thorough-bred, though there is not one thorough-bred in a hundred that is perfectly handsome, yet if not quite thorough-bred there is sure to be visible some little want of superfine form or appearance, either in the forehead, or jowl, or lips, or nostrils, or ears, or eyes, or in the quarter, or in the skin, or elsewhere, that will always denote a falling short of *perfectly* handsome purity.

Three-parts to seven-eighths bred, out of two clean, strong, straight, uninjured legged parents, is what ninety out of every hundred horsemen want, and this they might get. This they evidently have not. The farmers, however, having gone on their own erroneous principle, the dealers are unluckily often left with only Hobson's choice; and they, not for once, like myself, but annually neglectful of the acute axiom in the before adverted to poetical distich, have the mortification to find that many of their purchases will not even stand the breaking-in before the slant-aside leg or other defect breaks out; hence they have

no alternative but to offer them to their confiding customers as valuable fresh horses ; and if not valuable, still fresh they undoubtedly are, and well suited to freshmen, for they serve to impart to them valuable experience. Many of the *élite* of this class on "coming out" keep entirely outside the thorough-bred railings, yet it is amusing to witness the adroitness with which even their pockets are pruned in the small way, and that, often, by their quondam own collegiate friends.

"Quœrenda pecunia primum, virtus post nummos."

Make money by our horses ; virtuous donkeys are our forces.

Consequently they are from necessity continually chopping and changing. The hunting season past, and all the foxes gone under the hills, they jump to the conclusion that this must be the most opportune time to come over the "flats," and it is surprising to see what adepts they suddenly become, not only in the knowledge of rolling bandages, but also in subsequently getting rid of their "capital cross country conductors." Their very superior stable management has often been graphically described to me. One has assured me of the magical efficacy of his purifying plasters, and of his evaporating lotions ; another of his unequalled ointment for the feet ; while many have catechized me as to why I could object to bandages when half

the trainers, half the hunters, and half the dealers used them. To these last I have replied that I had not the smallest objection to bandages, but that I had the greatest objection to legs that so much required them. The answer, I am inclined to think, was fully as useful as their unrivalled management. I have visited the stables of these first-rate fielders. Stables! Animals tied up in stalls of about six feet in width, so that it was dangerous to their backs even to turn in. I have had occular demonstrative proof of the manifold advantages of their treatment. Legs put before me that any fox would be frightened at running foul of, and that even harriers would feel huffed at being hunted with; yet there are countless cherry-ripe crying songsters who would fain persuade me that these oblong donkey-footed five and twenty pounders, so well known with the Hack and Hansom hounds for carrying peas around their pasterns, would, like the trainers' cast off screws, do also very well for ordinary riding, and would make such pretty park paraders. Beautiful! Nothing wanted but a bumpkin on the saddle to perfect the picture. After listening to these disinterested dissertations, I could not help being forcibly reminded of the hairdresser who so similarly eulogized his hair preparations, and assured me of the certain improvement they would be to my

head. I consequently took the liberty of asking him one day how old he was. "Forty-five," was the reply. "Then I am fifty," I said; "and now behold your own crown partly bald and partly grey, whilst mine is neither the one nor the other. It would better become you to ask me for a recipe how to keep your hair in proper trim than to dilate on your nostrums for mine." And this is my retort to all chattering counsellors of stable treatment who are unable to exhibit horses with either decent legs or decent feet themselves. Look on this foot, I say, then on that.

One of my cousins who came to cut up my "country cows," (and he did it very correctly, yet acknowledging he was a little baulked and could not find much fault with the lower stories), remarked:— "You are not a fair criterion to judge by. You never work your legs crooked." That is the very reason, I said, they happen to be straight—and the same reason applies to my cows' heels; they are never closed, because I take good care to keep them open. What English people want, is to have their harness horses trotting about from two to four hours a day, going from fifteen to twenty miles; and their hunters also to do double work, and both with impunity. Coachmen have often a good share in looking out for

the carriage horses; and when there is no master the selection is not unfrequently left entirely to them. After about twelve months the bend, or the shaky, or the round, or the holly-stick leg comes to view. Coachee then won't allow that he could have chosen rotten timbers; nor will he allow, that if good, he ever drove them into this state, so it is all put down to the unaccountable,—a favorite expression with those who won't take the trouble to open their eyes. The truth is, the error is two-fold. The judgment was at fault in choosing such legs; and again in the incessant trotting of them beyond what they have been able to bear. Coachee has the whip in his hand, and he is quite miserable unless he is incessantly "just touching them" to amuse himself, and that amusement upon inferior instruments is at a heavy expense to the owner, that is, if he has any taste; and if not, and there is no dislike to driving such orthopedic looking animals, why have laid out so much money in purchasing what were thought good? Why not have taken a couple of cheap round-about wrinkled legs from my hospital instead? Or why not have jobbed a couple of the regular stone pounders just fresh from Jericho? I have no pretension to driving myself, but I drove two English blood horses about Paris for a whole month without any whip, having sent

the coachman back to London, because he could'nt drive them quietly with one, and he thought it looked so odd to drive them without. Every person, it is said, has his peculiar qualifications, and I will back an English coachman, especially a Londoner, to fill a horse's pasterns quicker than any other native of this planet; and I will back his credulous master for the most simple gaze of amazement when coachee, in reply to any question about these pasterns, runs his hand down them, and answers:—"Ah! there's not much the matter there." "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

There may have existed a class of horses in England some sixty years ago, at the time that thorough-bred sires of six or seven years old, grown to their full strength and having decently clean legs, were procurable to breed from, that would have stood a great deal of incessant work. There are not five per cent. that will stand it now. Two seasons may sometimes be got over, but if the stumps were rickety in both the parents, perhaps not one. Had the sire and dam been sought out and inspected before the slave was decided on, it would have been easy to detect any faults he might have inherited, and one could then have judged with some little certainty whether they lay in his parentage, or in his breaking in; or

whether they lay with the coachman, or with the master himself; for there is no blinking the fact that there must have been a faulty understanding somewhere. Arguments, excuses, and recriminations however will come too late when the evil is done, and whether the pace may have been fast or slow, and the distance thirty-five miles or only five miles, would matter not; more work would have been given than the legs could stand, and every one that may be brought into this over-worked state, will very properly be condemned to suffer a diminished value of eighty to ninety per cent. according to the quantity and size of the peas, beans, or onions found in their fetlock fobs.

A most interesting letter from an universally known gentleman, appeared in one of the daily papers some two months ago, recommending the Government to have regular studs so as to insure our cavalry, &c. being properly mounted; and if some measure of the kind is not resorted to, and the private breeders of horses should also refuse to listen to the contents of this little pamphlet on that subject, I fear we are likely soon to go from bad to worse. The description of horse required for cavalry purposes is stated in a few words at page 65 of my "Aide-de-camp" before referred to, as follows:—"Size, strength and activity with fresh, strong legs, tough feet, and open heels, are the

grand *desiderata* for the cavalry." To obtain these qualifications sires and dams must be chosen which possess them; and after that masters must be selected who are capable of pairing these sires and dams to the greatest advantage, so as to better any doubtful point, and get rid of any undesirable white leg or displeasing shade of colour. There are few English horsemen, stable-men, classical men, or moneyed men, who do not deem themselves fully equal to this task, and I have, therefore, only to state, that whether they have gained their education in Blindfold Alley, or in Castle Square, they will all eventually be compelled to bow to the truism that "Like will beget like." For though it is no very uncommon occurrence to alight on folks so clever as to be able to turn all their geese into swans, yet it will prove labour in vain to attempt to get horses from donkeys*.

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* The average weight of an English Life Guardsman, Heavy Dragoon, Light Dragoon (Hussar), Light Dragoon (Lancer), French Cuirassier, and German Uhlan is about as follows:—

	Weight in ordinary dress.		Weight when mounted.	
	st.	lb.	st.	lb.
Life Guardsman,	11	4	20	11
Heavy Dragoon,	11	7	19	6
Light Dragoon (Hussar),	11	7	19	1½
Light Dragoon (Lancer),	11	7	19	0
French Cuirassier,	11	11	19	0
German Uhlan,	11	6	17	2

According to this the average weight of a Life Guardsman is

And now if you will take the word of a trusty teetotaler, who never took stronger than half-and-half, I am really in possession of an unguent of unmistakeable value. The recipe was presented to me by the present chief of Camden Town on the day I resigned my appointment. To all choppers and changers, plasterers and purifiers, it is worth a pound a pot.

THE OINTMENT.

Take 1 drachm of full-grown caution,
1 drachm of strong common sense,
1 drachm of unquestionable good taste.
To this add two drops of clear-strained eyesight.
Mix and rub well into your own head.

The natural effect from sympathy will be quickly

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the lightest of the six, but when mounted he is the heaviest. And the average weight of a Light Dragoon appears as heavy as a Heavy Dragoon; the only difference being the extra weight of five or six pounds with the Heavy Dragoon when mounted. English thorough-breds would no doubt be the best description of horses for all light cavalry purposes, *provided* they had the indispensable *desiderata* noticed above, with no mistake whatever below the knee. And if sires and dams alone were taken which possessed these, and instead of being trained for the turf were gradually inured to rough it a little in the open air, an hereditary predisposition in the yearlings to greater hardiness would be the result; and these yearlings, when grown up, might then stand campaigning as well as their original parents—the Arab horses, besides being able to carry far heavier weights. The elegant contour of head, and the gracefully carried tail of the Arab, as well as the fine limbs, have been lost in more than one-half of the present English stock through injudicious crossing and over-training.

visible in the straight clean limbs and open heels of your horse. Should any crookedness, gumminess, or contraction be seen after this, you may take it for granted the ointment has been absorbed into barren brains. Repeat the dose and knock it, the head, against the wall to rouse it into healthy action.

The foregoing pages having pointed out and fully exemplified the impossibility of the public ever obtaining what in this country they have a right to expect, namely, a good horse for a fair price, unless the present ideas of improvement and the present English system undergo a very material transformation, I will pen a consolatory paragraph for those few who, discontented and ashamed at the appearance of the thorough-bred riding horses they daily see, may be anxious to get mounted on something more becoming their own good taste, and more worthy their own dignity.

In the existing state of affairs there is but one path to pursue, but to those who take pride in their steed it is worth the trouble to risk it. Go down early in the spring to the Middle Park, Hampton Court, or other stud, and take a view of the yearlings in their rough state. Here you will find them like diamonds unpolished, and here you must make your selection. Considering a sight of both sire and dam

are open to you this is not difficult to do. Then on Waterloo day, if you are for the Middle Park, buckle on your armour and return to the spot where your selected treasure stands. The change in the appearance from the long, furry, soft winter coat to the short fine silky summer one, will have produced such an alteration that, if unaccustomed to yearlings, you may hardly recognize your choice, but having done so, what before you were only delighted with you will now be enamoured of.

Do not feel frightened at some of the favourites being knocked down at from fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds. That cannot be considered so very enormous for yearlings that in two years time may win twenty to thirty thousand, and where the owner may have paid four or five thousand for the sire and one to two for the dam. Under these circumstances, with the stakes and betting in prospective, and the beautiful state in which they leave the stud, they may be cheap at two thousand pounds, though three years after they may be dear at as many pence; but as you intend bidding only for shape and beauty, caring naught whether the parents won or lost, or never ran at all, you may occasionally become possessed of a first rate for a clear hundred, a few more or less. Do not lose your choice for a ten pound note, but having

got it make arrangements for the due preservation thereof in half to an acre of paddock *to itself*, with a wooden shed about fifteen feet square, fronting to the south at the end. Were you an owner of acres two years run in this would cost a mere nothing, but in that case you probably would not have the sense to do it. If not an owner, about five and twenty to thirty pounds each year (for a little corn must be allowed during the spring and autumn as well as all the winter), will cover the expenses and have to be added to the purchase. To those who inveigh against this method, saying "racing about fields will produce windgalls quite as quick as work" I have to observe fields were not recommended, nothing but an acre or less; and also, if the sire and dam were free of windgalls the chances are a hundred to one that your purchase will remain free of them too. Exercise it must have, and this is the only proper exercise.

At three years old it can be gently broken, but in lieu of any shoeing whatever stand each foot in an iron saucer, sunk a little in the centre, and not quite red hot, for *ten* seconds, pouring into the saucer the *instant* each foot is down a large tumbler full of the strongest alum water. The crust will not chip after this, and the operation should be repeated monthly, putting some tar and grease to the frog afterwards.

At four years old your treasure may have cost you about £.200, but if well selected as to shape, colour, and carriage, it will be worth more than double, and you may then, without vanity, bestow on it the glorified name of the Koh-i-Noor, for there will be no other handsome fresh and unblemished thorough-bred to compare with it. "Blair Athol," "Saunterer," and now "Gladiateur," &c. are in high repute on this estate at present, but for my purpose my fancy went on "King John," and had it not been for an unfortunate hole in my pocket I might at this moment have had one of his descendants to rest a satisfied eye on. Next year "*nous verrons.*"

An ancestor of the renowned gentleman who will knock down to you your selection, was possessed of that superbly beautiful horse "Oakley." I had a colt foal by him from "Alboni." Here neither sire nor dam had a blemish of the slightest description, and the foal having been born an exact counterpart of the sire was of equal value to me. "Oakley" was a bright bay with black points, Arab head and Arab carried tail; about sixteen hands high, and with legs, feet, &c. all perfect; yet I was told that this unsurpassed, I should say unequalled animal for beauty, was permitted to leave the proprietors' paddocks for 800 guineas. Another 0 at the end would

not have made such a picture dear, for his very skin was worth 500 if only to have stuffed for an exhibition. This serves as a further encouragement to all who will be content with perfectness of form and colour to determine for themselves, and not allow their own pure judgment to be confiscated at the shrine of a list of performances. *Au contraire*, always keep fully in memory and before your eyesight the correct model of a perfect thorough-bred, or of the George III. Statue, and wait patiently the eventful day when all these enticing yearlings are destined to quit their paternal home. On that morning, should you be quite a stranger, seek before the service begins to make your countenance known to the master who is to mount the pulpit, so that when your choice is brought to the front you may have confidence to nod quickly and resolutely, for in less than a minute the Amen will be pronounced by a tap of that hammer from which there is no appeal; but then I predict that the plain English in which I have particularized all the material points will have piloted you safe to perfection. Should your object be solely for speed and performance that is *une autre chose*, and you must go to another pair of shoes for counsel, though I feel pretty well convinced that by perusing these Letters twice you will be equally well shod for that. A

perfect form of thorough-bred charger may make an excellent racer; for "Oakley," I believe, was one of the fastest over the T.Y.C. course, whilst "Muley Moloch," the finest horse I ever set eyes on for a racer, would never have been esteemed so perfect a form for a charger, so useful a form for a hunter, or so beautiful a form for a park parader as "Oakley."

I have here reached that stage where I will answer a question which I overheard not very complaisantly put, "Who is this fellow, Spurs?" There are two of us. We are twin brothers, and so alike that nobody can tell which is which. He was christened Sharp and I Blunt. Sharp is of few words, and whenever he encounters another person of the same name as himself he sheers off at once, merely saying "No go," whereas Blunt writes, and sometimes bluntly. We are citizens of the world. We praise good horses and abuse bad in whatever country, castle, or cabin we find them. We are thankful to any person who will put us right or impart to us any information; but hark, we are neither of us to be "Hark-a-way'd" a second time by any peasant, prince, or prophet. Our united efforts have this morning summed up all the foregoing parables into the following short poetical prayer :—

We like your English blood attached to good shaped Arab heads,
But we war against contracted heels, and also crooked legs.
If we're obliged to trot along on steeds with pinched-in heels,
'Tis just as bad as going to sea in tubs with rotten keels.
Our gallant tars don't take weak ships they cannot keep from stranding;
In mercy then give us straight legs—a clean, sound understanding,
And heads and tails, and colour too, our troopers now should muster,
Then be a brick, rear stock like this, 'twill give the country lustre.
Heed not, your ship and splendid crew may on French coast be grounded;
For "the last time," then, tack about, or dash me, we're all drownded.

The cloth is now cleared and you have had a very fair dinner for your 1*s.* 6*d.*, far better than you will get from any opposition house; nevertheless, as the reflecting salver is garnished with apples, onions, jaw-work, and cheese, I beg you partake of the dessert.

First Plate. "On dit," that a grand Committee for improving the breed of horses is soon to be gathered together. Not before it is time, and I herewith offer a few maxims for its guidance which Dame Nature instilled into me at the time apples were first eaten.

A black sire and black dam with black legs will generally get a black foal with the same. If the grand sire and grand dam were both black all over, the chances are greater still the foal will be black all over. If, in addition to this, the great grand sire and great grand dam were black all over it would be almost certain the foal would be black all over.

A bay sire and bay dam both with black points, will generally get a bay foal with black points. If the grand sire and grand dam were also bay and both with black points, the chances are greater still the foal will be bay with black points. If, in addition to this, the great grand sire and great grand dam were both bay with black points, it would be almost certain the foal would be the same.

A sire and dam with Arabian cast of heads and well carried tails will generally get a foal with these handsome qualifications. If the grand sire and grand dam had them, the chances will be greater still in its favour; and, if in addition, the great grand sire and great grand dam had them, the foal would be almost certain to have them too.

A sire and dam with straight and unblemished legs and good feet will generally get a foal with the same. If the grand sire and grand dam possessed

these valuable qualities, the chances would be still greater in its favour. If, in addition to this, the great grand sire and great grand dam possessed them, the foal would be almost certain to have them, and in judicious hands to retain them all its life. If kept out of a trainer's hands it would be quite certain.

A sire or dam with crooked or wind-galled legs or bad feet, will generally get a foal with the same execrable defects; at least they will be nearly certain to come if exercised beyond walking work until it arrives at five years old, and great care must be taken even after that. If the grand sire and grand dam had them, the chances are, that with such a predestined and pestilential pedigree you will be puzzled to what purpose to put your prize. It is, however, rarely requisite to trace back beyond the immediate sire and dam. The verse relates that the same applies with equal force to man :—

> Symmetrical figure with beauty combined,
> Proves true blood in horses as well as mankind ;
> The giving great names then, or titles, 'tis clear,
> Can ne'er change the blood though you call it "The Peer."

Perhaps you will say everybody knows all this, and it is not worth an apple. Well, if everybody knows it, the greater the pity somebody doesn't

attend to it. The grand committee it is to be hoped will*.

Take a horse with straight unblemished legs and then break one by a blow. Or, take a horse with two good eyes and then poke one out, the progeny would not suffer the slightest detriment from those accidents; but it would be a very different affair if the leg had been crooked, or spavined, or otherwise injured by over-work, or the eye had been lost by disease from hot and ill-ventilated stables. In these last cases there would be a constitutional taint, and the sire or dam would have so depreciated in value, as to be instantly rejected by any man, whose taste was not vitiated from having kept such company. Did everybody know that before? Well, then, if Parlia-

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* Lord Byron wrote:—"Even to the delicacy of their hand there was resemblance, such as true blood wears." A pretty hand and foot in either sex is no doubt to be envied, but he had an equal admiration for beauty of countenance, and due proportion of form; And for either male or female to be *thoroughly* good looking and elegant, every point must no doubt be perfect. In these days of education, however, a fine, fresh, free-going understanding will be accepted as the most useful blood for either man or horse.

He also wrote:—That "the Egyptians worshipped an onion for a God." If any unbelieving English choose to give their more substantial gold in exchange for onions, they might, at least, imitate the Egyptian good taste in not publicly allowing their horses to carry them about their ancles.

ment could only be persuaded to buy up all such disfigured parents, and pistol them, to preserve the public from being plagued with their perfidious produce, I could promise them plates of golden pippins.

Second Plate. This is strong seasoning for "the season," but some horses do carry them, and some riders do swallow them. Well, what are wind-galls? Well, what is a bottle nose? Why a cruel ugly eyesore. Wind-galls then are when the oleaginous fluid in the little mucous bags becomes inspissated and thickened to the consistence of gum, hence the fetlocks look gummy. When further diseased by overwork, assisted by hereditary predisposition, they become harder yet, like glue. At last, having entirely ceased to be oleaginous, they are turned to the cart for having turned cartilaginous.

And what are crooked legs? Legs that are not straight, and which you had better leave in the hands of the trainers who crooked them. The effects from sympathy are so great in respect to legs, that two solid straight-legged arm-chairs belonging to Count Garniture were, from their proximity to his racing stock, found gradually bending to the Louis Quinze fashion; and though the cows' legs in the field resisted it, their eyes were always found squinting askance whenever they came within sight of them.

Third Plate. These are plentiful and cheap, but they are a hard, tiresome, and most insidious relish. Let me offer you the crackers. Well, what are contracted heels? Heels where the wings of the coffin bone from being squeezed for want of room behind, have fluttered forward and settled down towards the toe. (No professional writing will ever convey the meaning so clear as that.) The foot in consequence has lengthened out, and turned into a bell shape. When tenderness first comes on freshmen are fond of sending these feet into a salt marsh, but it will take a great deal more salt than there is in the sea to bring back the wings of the coffin bone from this abnormal shape to their original form. If people would only habituate themselves to keep the feet moist with a daily two hours fresh water bath *before* contraction has commenced, they would have no need to go searching for salt marshes.

It is difficut to decide positively what is inside of a nut-shell until it is cracked; and it is equally difficult to decide positively as to the inside of a horse's foot; but as hard nuts make the teeth ache, so hard roads make the feet ache, and without constant surveillance this will rapidly lead to the pocket ache, for as the heels diminish in width, so the horny frog diminishes. As the horny frog diminishes so the sen-

sible frog diminishes. As the sensible frog diminishes so the fatty frog—the elastic cushion—diminishes, and loses its soft unctuous matter, bringing it step by step, perhaps not to the cart, but more certainly to the charnel house. This state is greatly accelerated by allowing the coachman (who firmly believes that the inside of a horse's foot consists of one large piece of solid flesh, which if squeezed a little behind will push out in front "and be none the worse for it,") to take the horses to Farrier Knowall's to *see* them *properly* shod. It would be invidious to apportion out the exact quantity of blame to be divided between the master, the driver, and the farrier; but the owner may rest assured that when the foot is dissected, "just as the season is coming on," the ends of one of the back sinews which ought to have been partially imbedded in the naturally soft, fatty, elastic cushion, will, from having been in contact with some dried-up unyielding mass instead, invariably be found spread out into the following capital letters—SERVES YOU RIGHT. The only effectual cure known for this state after lameness has commenced, consists in giving six drops of coffin drawback every six hours, striking the coffin-bone at the toe at the same time with a sledge hammer. Do not omit the sledge hammer.

Fourth Plate. "A good dinner deserves a good

drink, and a bad dinner deserves a good drink to make up for it." A good foot deserves a good shoe, and a bad foot deserves a good shoe to bring it right. Well,—but a well is no use without any water, and water is the most essential requisite to bring a pure bred foot into good order, or to keep it in that state. Well, taste the Neufchatel cheese, and then we will separate. That shoe and treatment must be allowed to be the best that keeps the heels the most open, and the foot in the best order. No one particular shoe is suited for all kinds of feet but the shoe of Monsieur Charlier, (as stated in a newspaper lately sent me), not only keeps the heels open and the feet in good order, but opens those heels that are closed, bringing disorganized feet into their proper shape; moreover, wind-galls are found gradually to disappear under its use. This last effect is beyond measure a most important desideratum, and the discovery is worth a whole field of onions. As, however, you are likely to find many horses which will obstinately resist deriving all the above enumerated advantages, I strongly recommend you to embrace the system you may have gleaned from this more fruitful forge. I have a shoe of my own fancy also, and with it and my treatment wind-galls never appear, unless gained from the sire or dam, consequently you need never be fruitlessly

employed in trying to make them disappear. With regard to the feet and heels I presume you will admit that the proof of the pudding is in the eating. If then you should dispute the following peremptory peroration, I likewise presume you will be prepared to pay the penalty.

Tar the frog which bring to the ground, remember now, to touch it,
Allow no stupid Know-all goose to take his knife and cut it.

BUT,

Lower the heel, shorten the toe,
Keep the foot in moisture, soak it,
And thus you'll get frog width, *I'll bet*.
Put *that* in your pipe and smoke it.

Unbiassed and horse-buying reader. Were you ever in company with a man very much out of temper saying, "I am not in the least angry?" You will observe the same kind of countenance whenever you find anybody threatening to throw away these letters. It would indeed be much more profitable to put them under the pillow and sleep over them; for the arguments adduced in the literary warfare through the press regarding the running of two and three-year-olds, have about as much to do with directing the way to obtain a good horse and avoid a bad one, or with the improving the breed, as watering the top leaves of a decaying apple tree would have to do with improving it. An intelligent gardener with the interest of his

public master at heart, would go to the foundation at once and refreshen the roots, and see the stem was not hacked about; the fruit by this means would more likely be good and saleable than by any splitting of hairs about the top leaves.

In conclusion, then, I think that on reflection, if you are not in an angry mood, you will coincide with most of the opinions here pronounced, otherwise I must ask, whether there is not to be some acknowledged orthodox principal to appeal to, to hold the stakes, and decide between us; for here we are with a stable club thorough-bred committee militant, and various sects of other descriptions likewise militant, in this pre-eminently militant state. In the interim, therefore, why should I not also take their united, unchangeable, but most unconscionable motto? "Only let me and my party be the ruling power," or "*Guerre à outrance.*"

BLUNT SPURS,

MASTER

Over all the Donkeys.

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